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AN ODE,
CONGRATULATORY, MONITORY, AND EPISTOLARY,
ON THE
EVER-MEMORABLE VICTORY
OBTAINED BY
LIEUT. GENERAL JOHNSON, AT ROSS, OVER THE REBELS,
ON THE 5TH OF JUNE, 1798.
COMPOSED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY REJOICING ON THE ENSUING
FIFTH OF JUNE, 1799.

BY *GEORGE TWISLETON RIDSDALE,*
FORMERLY MAJOR IN HIS MAJESTY'S 54TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

JAMQUE DIES, REVOLUTUS, ADEST, QUEM SEMPER ACERBUM,
SEMPER HONORATUM, (SIC DII VOLUISTIS) HABEMUS. VIR. ÆN. 5.

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TO

TO LIEUTENANT GENERAL JOHNSON.

SIR,

AS real Excellence is the most averſe to Panegyrick, I have ventured, without previous Permiſſion, to inſcribe an Ode to you, compoſed on the animating Spur of the Occaſion, for our firſt Anniverſary Rejoicing, on the Fifth of *June*, ever memorable by the great and important Victory you gained on that Day, in the preceding Year, over a very numerous Hoſt of infatuated Rebels, who had nearly reduced *New Roſs* to Aſhes. *Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi.*

This Victory, and your ſubſequent Conduct in the Diſtrict where you preſide, entitles me to exclaim, with the MANTUAN Bard,

*Quibus Te laudibus æquem,
Juſtitiane prius mirer, Belline laborum?*

Give me Leave to add, that whatever Approbation my Eſſay has already met with, muſt be chiefly attributed to you, the principal Subject, and, *quamquam decies repetita*, will as ſurely pleaſe, when publiſhed.

To you, Sir, it is ſubmitted, however otherwiſe deficient, as an Heart-Offering, at leaſt, to your Valour and Virtues.

*Neque, Me ut miretur Turba, laboro,
Sed Legem ut ſervet monita; et meliora ſequantur
Conſilia, et non, ut Galli, contemnere ſacra.*

I am, Sir,

With all proper Reſpect and Eſteem,

Your moſt obedient and quondam

Fellow Soldier,

NEW ROSS,
June 3, 1799.

GEORGE TWISLETON RIDSDALE.

AN ODE,
CONGRATULATORY, MONITORY, AND EPISTOLARY,
ON THE
EVER-MEMORABLE VICTORY
OBTAINED BY
LIEUT. GENERAL JOHNSON, AT ROSS, OVER THE REBELS,
ON THE 5TH OF JUNE, 1798.

PREPARE, intrepid Loyalists ! prepare
The festive Triumph o'er rebellious War ;
This is a Day, from circling Year to Year,
For ever to be honour'd, ever dear ;
Whose Dawn malignant fiery Horrors frown'd,
Yet, clos'd propitious, and with Pæans crown'd.

When HORACE touch'd the lyrick String,
The dubious Bard invok'd the Muse,
Some Hero, or some Chief to sing,
Perplex'd, without her Aid to choose :
We hail this animating Day,
To JOHNSON ! grateful Strains prolong ;
No Muse invok'd to point the Lay,
The Subject readier than the Song.

Nor

Nor could the Nine, concent'ring all their Pow'rs,
 Give to their Bard a braver Chief than ours,
 Whose steady Valour realiz'd the Boast
 Of HERCULES, and crush'd an Hydra-Host.

Nor to THERMOPYLÆ's Defence,
 Stands the Defence of ROSS inferior,
 Tho' told with GRECIAN Eloquence,
 And by a Poet far superior!

LEONIDAS, all glorious! fell 'ith' Field;
 JOHNSON, as glorious lives, the Sword again to wield;
 Prepar'd, whene'er requir'd,
 Should the presumptuous GAUL invade,
 Or Rebel lift again his Head,
 Instant, to lead in Arms, and be again admir'd.

Let neighb'ring Cities celebrate
 The annual revolving Date
 Of this great Day, by JOHNSON gain'd,
 Who kept their Streets from War unstain'd;
 Suppress'd the rising Spirit round,
 That aim'd all Order to confound,
 Preserv'd from Ruin, Fire, and Sword,
 The crowded Port of WATERFORD,
 And sav'd the Protestants, whose Blood
 Was destin'd to pollute the Flood.

Let us—who view'd the wild Dismay,
 When half NEW ROSS in Ashes lay,
 And, but for his opposing Force,
 The Whole had felt the flaming Course,

Nay,

Nay, fear'd 'twas more than Man could do,
 To quash such Numbers with so few;
 Let us,—whene'er, or where we meet,
 Whether the annual Day, complete,
 Or on the Feast of Michaelmas,
 To JOHNSON raise the votive Glas;
 For 'tis to him we owe the social Bliss,
 That then, and now, we quaff in Liberty and Peace!
 In Liberty! illustrated by Laws
 That have, thro' Ages, stamp'd th' admiring World's Applause;
 And,—till the World shall be no more,—to reign!
 Licentious Regicides, avaunt, your venom vain;
 This favour'd Isle shall still her sainted Boon retain:
 And as her Rocks repel the raging Sea,
 So shall she triumph over Anarchy,
 And, glancing o'er her Champion's mighty Deeds,
 See how the conqu'ring Catalogue succeeds,
 Nor less oblig'd, comparatively join
 JOHNSON as great at ROSS, as NASSAU at the BOYNE;
 Nor would the Royal Chief the Semblance blame,
 As Heroes, all allow, are much the same.
 And long may he, whose Vict'ry is our Theme,
 Whose martial Prowess distant States proclaim,
 Enjoy HIBERNIA's, and her KING's Esteem,
 Enroll'd for ever in the Lists of Fame!
 'Tis the best Gift on Man conferr'd,
 In Acts of Virtue to excel,
 The next, to gain the high Reward,
 The heart-felt Praise of doing well;
 Who both attains, is blest, indeed;
 And JOHNSON merits this, the fairest Meed.

Nor need we doubt, when oliv'd Peace, once more,
 Shall to our Isles her Halcyon Hours restore,
 That GEORGE, his Chiefs contemplating around,
 Shall grace each Hero, with full Honours crown'd :
 Yet, tho' the Theme of this eventful Day,
 Seems to divert all other Themes away,
 As if the General, wholly, claim'd the Lay ;
 Yet, let us not our lenient Viceroy pass,
 But to CORNWALLIS fill the lauding Glafs :

Whose Sword, in INDIA, won Renown,
 Tho' ne'er with Cruelty distain'd ;

Here, Mercy's Hand has lin'd his Heart with Down,
 And Justice, temper'd thus, from Punishment refrain'd.

For, as the richest Metals soonest melt,
 So, in the noblest Minds is Mercy's Influence felt !
 O ! may it spread persuasive Pow'rs,
 Lest flighted, cools—and Justice Vengeance show'rs :
 For, howsoever the Viceroy may pursue
 His Heart's first Dictates, and our Monarch's too,
 There is a Justice to the Kingdom due.

Delusion dare no longer plead,

Experience prov'd the Folly of the Deed ;

Allegiance, the sole, salutary Plan,

The true Religion, an impartial Love,

The clearest, strongest Precept from above,

And Deference to the Laws, the surest Rights of Man.

Equality, on Earth, was ne'er design'd

By the all-wise Creator of Mankind ;

Search with your modern philosophick Eyes,

Ye Libertines ! then tell me where it lies ;

Glares

Glares not the plain Reverse in Bird, in Beast,
 In Fish, and ev'n the Insect, manifest?
 And in the diff'rent Powr's, and Talents given
 To its own Image, by paternal Heav'n?
 How should we fill each necessary Station,
 And Life itself subsist, without Gradation,
 Or, how repel the Foe, without Subordination?

}

Could JOHNSON's Genius have avail'd that Day,
 Without a Legion eager to obey?
 Without an EUSTACE, tho' in Rank as high,
 Yet prompt with local Def'rence to comply;
 Whose cautious Foresight of the Rebel BENT,
 In Numbers arrogantly confident,
 Had largely,—left the Loyalists might yield,
 Thro' Fault of Fire,—provided for the Field?
 And, by the Orders, dutcoufly receiv'd,
 In Part, the Glory of the Day atchiev'd?
 For well he knew,—unless Munition fail,—
 That Discipline, at length, o'er Numbers must prevail.
 Without a MOUNTJOY? whose Example fir'd,
 And quicken'd the Obedience it inspir'd?
 Without a TOTTENHAM? whose attentive Corps
 Guarded th' important Pass 'tween Shore and Shore?
 A Pass! which had the Rebels once possess,
 Might add more Thousands to their impious Test.
 Ev'n martial Ardor, unrestrain'd,
 By sanguinary Plunder stain'd,
 May foil the Victory it gain'd.

}

Thus, in the freest constituted State,
 Obedience never can the mightiest derogate.
 The KING himself, tho' lov'd with reverent Awe,
 Bows, like a Subject, to th' imperial Law.
 In that alone Equality is found,
 Thence equal-handed Justice rules around :
 And where's the Tyrant, or the Slave, in this ?
 A Constitution form'd for Happiness,
 Diffus'd o'er All, impartial as the Sun !
 Envied by ev'ry State, possess'd by our's alone ;
 Where Prince and People their just Limits know,
 Where Freedom, fearless, wears an open Brow,
 And where the highest, lowest, but sustain
 The regulated Links of Heav'n's, and Nature's Chain.

O! banish fraternizing Whims away,
 Ye, whose weak Heads were led by Sophistry astray ;
 Heav'n's Law, the Love of Brethren to fulfil,
 Implies, Respect to Order and good Will :
 To fraternize with GALLIA, would destroy
 What by Contrition ye may still enjoy :
 Seize, then, the gracious Terms CORNWALLIS holds,
 Throw off your Weapons, and attend your Folds :
 No Violence can Property secure,
 Nor,—but by Right obtain'd,—be momentary sure.
 O! were ye full inform'd, or could ye know
 What dire Distress those Nations undergo,
 What complicated Miseries intrall
 Their fondly trusting to perfidious GAUL ;

How

How would ye, now, comparatively blest
 The straw-thatch'd Hamlet's peaceable Recess,
 Where, unappall'd by Atheists' Iron Rod,
 Ye may, and freely, venerate your God!
 Heav'ns! what new Madness has enrag'd your Priest?
 He, if you cannot, he can read, at least;
 Bid him explore their Almanack, and say,
 If Sunday shines with them a Sabbath-day;
 Months, Years, Days, alter'd, and the Saints of old
 No longer in their Calendar enroll'd;
 No longer, there, the Saviour's Self esteem'd,
 Or Virgin worthy Adoration deem'd.
 The Temples, that with Relicts were enshrin'd,
 Are now to Heathen Deities consign'd.

And can a Priest, for some are still, O shame!
 Averse to Concord, and your Minds inflame,
 Can he forget the Fate, or banish'd Doom,
 Of all those Priests who held the Faith of ROME?
 And dare he hope, should temporal Success
 Complete his Wish, that he would suffer less?
 The Traitor, tho' the Treason be approv'd,
 Will surely find, he never can be lov'd,
 And by the Sword, at last, or Exile, be remov'd.
 Thus warn'd, ye Priests! employ your sacred Hours,
 To reverence the constituted Pow'rs;
 No more misguide your Flocks, and let them know
 The kind Indulgence which those Pow'rs bestow;
 The frantic Theory, to which Factions tend,
 Encourag'd by the Principles you blend,
 That on herself HIBERNIA could depend;

}
 }
 Or

Or strengthen'd by the fraternizing Kifs
Of GALLIA, all her fancied Wrongs redress

Have, then, Examples lost their Force to teach,
While Sophistry chimerical may preach,
UTOPIAN Visions to derange Mankind,
To speculative Dreams too oft inclin'd?

How has BATAVIA sunk by GAUL's Embrace,
Chang'd her late happy System for Disgrace,
Her Navy, Col'nies lost, and lost her inward Peace!

HELVETIA, from her nat'ral Climate free,
Her Mountains, Vallies, form'd for Liberty;
Nay, a Republick of an ancient Date,
Still, not exempted from a sim'lar Fate!

Imperial ROME! imperial; now, no more,
Nor longer reverenc'd for her sacred Lore,
With what deep Anguish has she now to mourn,
Tho' spar'd by VANDALS,—her rare Sculptures torn;
The Work of ROMAN Artists! ravish'd far,
By GAUL's degenerate, impious Sons of War.

Nor have ITALIAN States the less to grieve,
Their false, and plund'ring Friendship to relieve.

Tho' GALLIA suffer'd from tyrannick Sway,
Why war with those still happy to obey?
Why plunge HIBERNIA, peaceably content,
While King and Subject share the Government,

Why

Why plunge her in unprofitable Woes,
 And by Defeat invigorate their Foes?
 Whence GAUL, so oft repuls'd, can ne'er obtain;
 Nor ~~For~~ HIBERNIA, solely, wish to reign.
 Where, like BRITANNIA, are her quick Supplies?
 And point out where her safeguard Navy lies;
 To what free Regions could she bend her Sails,
 Her Funds, her Credit, lest her Commerce fails?
 Existence, 'tis admitted, she might claim,
 Her Produce would support the Human Frame,
 As in past Periods rudely wild,—yet where,
 Or whence, to spread the Table's foreign Fare?
 Luxurious Fare! from various Climates brought,
 And at a Price, to frighten Famine, bought!
 The homely Dinners which our Kings suffic'd,
 In ancient Ages,—would be now despis'd;
 Long lost that Virtue, and that frugal Art
 To live on little with a chearful Heart.
 Could Separation for an Hour take Place,
 The next would see her supplicating Grace,
 The next would see her, as a State forlorn,
 Sue for the Union which she seems to scorn:
 An Union-cement, gracious Offer! fraught
 With Blessings, equal to the Stretch of Thought;
 O! as the Adder's Poison here's unknown,
 So, be its Deafness to the precious Boon!
 Another Guardian Patron at her Helm,
 CORNWALLIS! Saint-like, comes to free the Realm
 From vip'rous Traitors to their Patriot-KING,
 More deadly Traitors than the Reptile Sting.

Haste

Haste then, to preach the Wishes of the Throne,
 An Union, 'stablish'd, and an Int'rest, one.
 An Union-cement ! where's the Swarm of Foes
 To dare the Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose !

Yet, tho' the fost'ring Subject teams
 With Blessings like the solar Beams,
 Still, there are those, whose clouded Pride,
 No Radiance can disperse, or guide ;
 Who, for the whistling of a Name,
 Err from the surest Road to Fame,
 Leading to Morals, and to Wealth,
 Balming their Country's Wounds to Health,
 By crushing to its hell-sprung Root,
 Rebellion, ne'er again to shoot,
 Uniting in one sacred Cause
 Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
 And op'ning all the richest Stores
 Of Commerce, on the concord-Shores,
 And by close Compact firmly stem,
 Or brave the Foes of either Realm :
 Can Cornucopia-Fruits like these
 Create one Doubt of future Peace ?
 O ! banish such in Time, no shame
 E'er sting'd a self-acknowledg'd Blame.
 Errors confess'd—as soon as known—
 Are voluntary Vict'ries won.

Thus taught ye, Peasants ! cordially resume
 The fruitful Labours of the Field and Loom :

The

The bounteous Land shall smile with Plenty round,
 Your Barns, replete with bursting Stores abound;
 No Wives, no Babes cling, trembling at your Breast,
 But from all Fear reliev'd, in blooming Safety rest.

And shall we now the Strain conclude,
 Without one Note of Gratitude
 To him, who providently wise,
 Call'd forth the Realm's embodied Force to rise?
 Augmented by the willing Band
 Of Yeomen, while he rul'd the Land?
 Of Yeomen! who with Patriot-Zeal elate,
 Show'd the true Pride of gentle Blood innate,
 And wav'd all Rank to serve the threaten'd State.
 Than whom, upon the first Alarms,
 While yet as young in Arms,
 Nor yet in Discipline expert,
 No veteran Troops more active and alert?
 Shall we in Silence only muse
 On their prime Mover, and his prescient Views?
 Ah, no! still Mem'ry holds its Seat,
 And CAMDEN's Name shall ev'ry Tongue repeat,
 With ev'ry Legion, whose untainted Hearts
 Spurn'd, with contempt, insidious GALLIA's Arts;
 And firmly fighting in their Country's Cause,
 In Spite of ev'ry gilded wile,
 And specious Promise to beguile,
 Subdu'd Invaders, and preserv'd the Laws.
 O! blind to Truth, and are they still believ'd,
 Those treach'rous Falshoods which so oft deceiv'd?

D

And

And have ye lost, ye Rebels! ev'ry Sense?
 Have baneful, ruinous Facts no Influence?
 Where's the Militia, that declin'd the Fight?
 Where breathes the Soldier who withdrew by Flight?
 CAMDEN foresaw Sedition, as inspir'd,
 And like a God, divin'd, what IRELAND's Weal requir'd:
 No perjur'd Wretch in his Array appears,
 And Yeomen all, in Service, Volunteers.
 To CAMDEN, thus, our Victory we owe,
 For as ULYSSES conquer'd TROY,
 By arming the THESSALIAN Boy*,
 So, JOHNSON, arm'd by him, o'erpower'd the Rebel Foe.

Yet here, O! here, amid the gen'ral Joy,
 Here, let us pay the tributary Sigh!
 To the brave Legion's Leader drop a Tear,
 Who fell, undaunted, by the Rebel Spear,
 And MOUNTJOY! like his filial Corps, revere.
 MOUNTJOY! the more with titled Wealth endow'd,
 Thought, as a Patriot, that the more he ow'd;
 Peace to his Ashes, to his Name Renown,
 Who, for his Country's Safety, stak'd his own;
 Whose gen'rous Virtues, and whose manly Praise,
 Shall tow'r aloft, 'till Nature's self decays:
 MOUNTJOY! a Sacrifice almost too great,
 E'en for the Conquest we commemorate.

Nor has a distant County less to feel,
 In poignant Sorrow for their lost O'NEIL!
 He too, a Martyr to his Patriot-Zeal!

* Achilles.

Thus massacred by Miscreants, IRELAND'S Pride,
 O'NEIL! and MOUNTJOY! prematurely died.
 Detested Villains! these were Fathers, Friends,
 Who acted but for salutary Ends;
 Warm and impatient for the publick Weal
 They, FIRST, rous'd ling'ring Senates to repeal,
 And ope restraining Boundaries, to heal.
 FIRST mov'd more lenient Laws, more ample Scope,
 And met your Wishes, ev'n beyond your Hope.
 Infatiate Passions to their Breasts unknown,
 They judg'd, alas! from Feelings all their own.
 This the Reward, O! black Ingratitude!
 This dread Reward for meditated Good!
 Pierc'd by your Spears, to welter in their Blood!
 Why rolls the Thunder, o'er each fiend-like Head,
 Why darts the Lightning, nor yet blasts you dead?
 Abandon'd Parricides! what Pains invent,
 What Fires can Hell blow up for equal Punishment!
 Illustrious Pair! if there is aught in Rhyme,
 No Day shall raze you from recording Time,
 While BRITAIN holds her Empire o'er the Main,
 And IRELAND happy in a BRUNSWICK Reign.
 Tho' now she mourns the melancholy Year,
 The Orphan's piteous Sigh! the untimely Bier,
 Surcharg'd with Widow's Woes and many a Mother's Tear!
 This is thy Work, thy execrable Hand,
 Rebellion! that thus rends thy native Land!!!
 Enough of Grief! now let Libations pour
 To all our Heroes, Sea and Shore
 In Regions far remote, and rarely trod before;

Where, once, our Lion-hearted Monarch fought,
 Where SYDNEY, now, has equal Wonders wrought;
 And, tho' not sanction'd, as of old, from ROME,
 Like Royal RICHARD, Infidels o'ercome;
 Where NELSON, near the seven-mouth'd NILE, assail'd;
 Their Vessels, and o'er compact Strength prevail'd;
 And VINCENT vanquish'd an armada Host,
 Scatter'd their Fleet, and overaw'd their Coast.
 What, tho' to Rivers our small Floats* confin'd,
 While done the naval Duty, there, assign'd,
 The bravest Admirals of yore,
 Or present Times, could do no more.
 Honour in dutiful Exertion lies,
 Where'er the Station; Post, or Enterprize,
 And thus the BARROW † with the Ocean vies.
 And proudly have all play'd their Parts,
 Sailors and Soldiers! Hands and Hearts!
 Soldiers, and Sailors, thro'out every Clime,
 Whose splendid Acts require
 A MILTON, or a Muse of Fire;
 And soar, oh! far beyond my weak-wing'd Flight of Rhyme:
 Not that they flight the Bard's aspiring Lays,
 But, 'tis to History they trust for Praise.
 The Muse, ‡ alone, who the Historian guides,
 Who shuns all Fiction, and o'er Facts presides,
 The Record-Muse, alone, can best display,
 Their multitudinous Names in bright Array.

Nor

* Gun-Boats.

† River of Ross.

‡ Clio.

Nor can the coming, or a future Age,
With nobler Deeds adorn immortal History's Page.
Then let our Voices, echoing, cheerly ring
FOR ALL OUR TRIUMPHS, AND GOD SAVE THE KING!!!

GEORGE TWISLETON RIDSDALE,

Formerly a Major in his Majesty's Infantry.

NEW ROSS,

June 3, 1799.

